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Prince Hell



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Chapter 1 by Riley Christopher

Six years. Six long, painful years full of suffering since James has seen his parents. He despises his grandparents, whom he moved in with after the crash. James despises his high school, where faculty see the bruises covering his body but do nothing. Most of all, James hates himself, because he feels as if it's his fault. He was born out of darkness, or so his grandmother says. She was there when he showed up.

James is a child of Lucifer, the devil. For every 250 or so births, there is an authentic child of Lucifer. The devil himself needs to help keep the balance of evil at ease, so he puts evil inside the children that he chooses. Jacob is different though, he's not evil, he's not anything really. He's just sad. A depressed and lonely face.

Little does he know, he's next in line to rule Hell

Chapter 2 by Shut up leo



Then it happened at the time James didn't know what to do to it was just after his, 16th birthday when as Randy Johnson the school bully started picking on him. but this time he felt

different he felt like he would actually do something then all of a sudden he was holding Randy against the lockers his eyes felt heavy and his hands were shaking. James felt scared why was he holding this bully in the air and how did he get to the bathroom head down all the while hearing Randy shouting calling him

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James looked in the bathroom mirror and almost died right then and there partly because of the freaking and his eyes... His eyes looked like they were literally made out of fire. That's when the angel fell through the ceiling. He had pure white wings and had cold icy eyes then pulled a sword out of thin air.

James felt the floor getting hotter then he saw a strange man in a suit with horns rise from the floor and impale the angel on what looked like a blade made of bones. Then just before James blacked out he heard a deep but calming voice say "it's time you come home to me".

Chapter 3 by Jerry McSenderson



James woke up in a bed fire. "Holy satanic chicken!" he exclaimed. Wait, he had never cussed like that. And the fire bed was cold not hot. What was going on. "Hello son," said a voice behind him. James turned around. There was his father. Standing in a robe of fiery faces swirling all around. He had slicked back black hair. And there was his mother standing in a dress of fire. In fact she seemed to be on fire. Her normally red hair looked like a supernova and her eye's were like embers. "Mom, Dad how are you here?" James asked. "James, sweetie, we live here you're father is the devil." His mom said. "Duuuuuuude, huh. He's the devil? No way," he said "He doesn't even look like the man who came through the floor before." And then his father changed. He grew horns and his robe turned into a suit and then a pitch fork materialized in his hand. "Oh really?" said his father. James just stood there with his mouth open. "But honey we need to tell you something important." Oh no. It's a parent news breaking. It's like how they tell you that you're moving away from your town and never coming back times 10. "You are a child of Lucifer we can tell you know that but you are a special devil child. Both you're father and I are both satanic spawn. You are satanic spawn of satanic spawn. You are the next ruler of Hell." And there, the news was broke and James knew his destiny.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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